

The Modern Fable of the Old Merchant, the Sleuth and the Tapioca.

and when I get through with the Chorus I shall be able to walk right off.

Next Day the Young Man was Taken in, and eighteen Months later the steady old wife who had been so long waiting for him, creched down to the Clothes on his Back.

Fable of New Wrinkle of Old

Once there was a Man who rejoiced to be such that he would not be influenced by any such fool Custom as Swearing Off on New Year's Day. In speaking of this old man, the Chinese Poets have created and sarcastic as a Comic Paper.

Instead of neddling himself to give up "Clear and Late Slippers he Gloried in the Scabbie" that he would Smoke whenever he felt like it and Eat everything he pleased.

"I had heard that in China all Debts must be settled on New Year's Day, and the Unfortunate who cannot Dig Up gold out and commits Hari-Kari, thus passing the Trouble over to his Heir."

"This Old Man said the Chinese were greater Heathen than he had supposed. He would not be so stupid as to Shuffling Off just because a lot of Creditors were becoming impatient to get paid."

"He had in his Heart, that he would not pay any Old Debts unless Stood Up for them, and he he sincerely hoped that he would be able to Stick some one in every deal he undertook. He resolved to look out for

Brock
 Fortune was permanently invested
 in an Old and Reliable Establishment,
 and he was on his Upfers for fair.
 The first of the New Year's Qualifications
 can get in with a First Class Firer
 on the New Year's Vow
 Number One and let the Other Follow
 Walks the Floor and the two M
 To further this very Human Programme
 he went out and bought a lot of Flincy
 on Tick, hoping that he would be able
 to get the Payment for many years
 to come. He tapped his Prosperous Ac-
 ccount for the New Year's Resolution
 and started in the New Year by setting at
 defiance all the Rules of Health. He got
 drunk and ate two M
 Next Day he was folded up like a
 Pocket Camera, and Dyspepsia, Tablata
 would not touch the spot. The Doctor
 came in and put him on a perpetual Diet
 of Hot Water and Crackers. While he
 was flat on his Back his Ancestors
 tached all movable Property and divided
 it up.
 All his Honest Debts were paid, and
 during the Year he lived a Regular Life
 and had no Bad Health.
 The next Man, who doesn't think
 so now will be Reformd during the
 ensuing Year.

Fable of New Wrinkle on the New Year's Vow

Once there was a Man who rejected to show that he would not be influenced by any such fool Custom as Swearing Off Debts, and he was called a Serious Topic he was almost as scornful and sarcastic as a Comic Paper.

"What a good thing to give up Cigars and Late Suppers he gloried in the Season, that he would Skum when he was tired, and he would not be craved."

"I had heard that in China all Debts must be squared on New Year's Day, and the Unfortunate who cannot Dig Up goes to the Probate Court to settle his Troubles along to the Probate Court."

"I had said the Chinese were not so stupid as they are represented to be. He could see himself Shuffling Off just because a lot of Creditors were becoming so greedy, and he would not let it be in his Heart, that he would not pay any Old Debts unless Stood Up for them, and he would not be able to be able to Stick some one in every deal he undertook. He resolved to look out for

Number One and let the other Fellow Walk the Floor.

To further this very Human Programme he went out and bought a lot of Fine Furniture and a few more things to dodge Payment for many years to come. He topped his Frivolous Amusements and Extraneous Pursuits and Extraneous Obligations for various Amounts and started in the New Year by settling at last his long neglected Health. He gormandized until two A. M.

Next Day he was folded up like a "C" and the Doctor came and said he would not touch the Spot. The Doctor came in and put him on a perpetual Diet of Water and Bread and the Doctor was flat on his Back his Creditors attached all movable Property and divided it.

So all his Honest Debts were paid, and during the Year he lived a Regular Life.

Moral:—Many People who don't think so now will be Retormed during the coming Year.

"Silver Timmy's" Holiday Experiment

*By John Elbert Wilkie,
Chief U. S. Secret Service.*



GOODNOW'S VISIT TO THE FAIR FLU

Other business houses, inspired by the Honorable Jedediah's generous example, fairly outdid themselves in contributions. The first prize, a somewhat floridly decorated set of china, was soon attractively displayed in one of the emporium's prominent show windows, with the following explanatory card:

Magnificent Combination
Dinner and Tea Service,
200 Pieces,
Valued at \$75.00.
Has been donated by the HON.
J. BIGG as first prize in the
Twentieth Century ticket selling
contest. The winner's name will
be announced at the church Sat-
urday evening, Dec. 24.

It was small wonder then that the Twentieth Century folk entered upon their charitable scheme with enormous enthusiasm, and among the most active members of the Young People's league was Mr. James B. Goodnow. He said little to his fellow members in the league, but to old Mr. Ashton, the treasurer of the Universal Emporium company, he confided his determination to win the first prize.


"You're not married, are you?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"No, sir. Why?"

"What would you do with that dinner set?"

"Oh, I don't know. I could dispose of it to advantage for cash."

"Look here," said Mr. Ashton, whose love for a bargain was proverbial in the establishment. "Mr. Bigg, as usual, has been made treasurer of the fair committee, but he turns all these matters over to me. Now, I'll have all the reports of the sales by the various young people and I'll be able to know exactly how you all stand. If your sales are large enough to make your winning ticket



PRODUCED SOMETHING OF A
ITER.

first prize certain I'll give you \$55 cash for your right."

Goodnow accepted the proposition on the spot and made a mental note of an intention to profit by an idea suggested by the conversation. The fair was to open Monday and run through the week, closing Saturday night with a special programme and distribution of prizes. The tickets were printed and distributed early enough to allow almost a month for the ticket sellers to skirmish for purchasers. Goodnow seemed to meet with phenomenal success. At the end of the first week, when Ashton asked him how he was getting on, he smiled.

"Sold over two hundred thus far."

"Two hundred! Goodness me, you're a hustler. The best report I've had is a hundred and ten, by Superintendent of the pupils on the fire, painted a graphic picture of its horrors, and arranged for them to get their tickets o' him."

"Good idea," observed the young man. "By the way, Mr. Ashton, I've got \$100 in silver in a bag in my desk. I'd like to put it in the safe. May I?"

"Certainly; it's better there."

"I wonder," ventured Goodnow, with some hesitancy, as he returned with the sack of coin. "I wonder if you'd mind exchanging these for bills? I'll put them in an envelope with my name on it. I'd like to keep the proceeds separate until I've finished—just as a matter of curiosity."

"That's all right," assented Ashton, amiably. "Count 'em out."

James counted out a heap of quarters, halves and dollars, stacked them up in little piles, and when Ashton had verified the count, took the \$100 in notes which the old gentleman handed him and enclosed them in an envelope, which was laid away in the safe.

"We'll need a lot of change while the fair is on," remarked Ashton, "and I'll just hold on to this silver."

Goodnow indorsed the suggestion.

"I hope," he added, "that I can do as well right along I want to win the first prize."

"Good luck to you," said Ashton, as he turned away.

"Things were coming Mr. Goodnow's way. At the end of the third week of his labors he found himself charged with \$1,386.80 in currency, which was over \$900 in currency in that bundle in the safe. The envelope had grown too small and Goodnow had tied up the ends with a piece of heavy, strong, strong pink wrapping paper that gave the package a certain individuality.

Rumors of his enormous sale and the money he had won had got on people. One enterprising citizen with a speculative streak in his mental economy applied to Mr. Goodnow for the winning fair and cautiously sounded him as to his chances.

"I think I'll catch that first prize all right," said Mr. Ashton.

"Tell you what I'll do," observed the speculative citizen. "I'll buy your chance in that prize."

"Twenty dollars." "What'll you give?"

"Too little," said Goodnow, decidedly. "That set is as good as mine, and it's worth \$75. You ought to give me \$50."

The speculator hesitated. "I'll give you \$40."

"That's better; I'll take it."

"You just write out an order on the committee to deliver the set to me, and here's your money."

Mr. Ashton, with the simple request. Another citizen with an eye to a bargain, who made a similar proposition to Mr. Goodnow, bargained over the good set and bought it for \$45. The title to the china for \$35. This struck the prize-winner as a good thing, and as it was in line with the idea that came into his mind.

When Mr. Ashton was negotiating with him, he concluded to work it. Mr. Ashton's \$35 was easily captured, and three others whose money could not be traced, were discovered by the young man, severally invested in his chance, which they believed was a certainty.

Mr. Ashton's greatest success ever scored in the social history of Biggs-ville. It opened with a crash on Monday and there was not a night when one could not hear the clinking of the money fairly poured in, and the Hon. Jedediah Biggs was the blushing recipient of congratulations on the consummation of the sale.

It had been planned and managed. Goodnow continued to report progress in his ticket-selling campaign until Monday, when he came to the point where he had him \$50 in currency for the same amount in coin, and added it to the pink package. He made the addition at the bank, and then he went home, locking it up. It slipped the parcel into a drawer and stepped over to the chief bookkeeper.

"I'll go speak to me?"

"No."

"That's funny, I thought you called me. I beg your pardon."

"I'll go speak to my desk and reached into the drawer for the bundle there came into his mild blue eyes a strange gleam of satisfaction, but it was gone as fast as it came. He went back to the package to Mr. Ashton.

"There you are, sir. Nine hundred and ninety-three dollars. I guess you will be satisfied. Shall we settle up the ticket account?"

"O, no hurry about that, as long as the money's here. Tomorrow or Monday we'll get it. I'll be satisfied. I observed as Christmas. Tuesday will do."

"Very well. If you don't mind, I think I'll take a couple of hours off tomorrow and go home and do myself."

"I'm sure there'll be no objection. I may be there, too."

"I hope you will," remarked Goodnow.

"I'll be there," he said, "I'll be there," he added, under his breath.

Goodnow's visit to the fair produced

something he knew that he was the prize winner, and as he moved modestly about from booth to booth making purchases here and there, he was the envy of the whippersnappers on all sides of him. Old Mr. Ashton was visibly elated at the sensation the young man created. He had readily accepted the position of discoverer of the talented and energetic employee. He was particularly cordial when the man began to change his mind, long the young man excused himself. Ten minutes later he appeared at the Emporium with a small leather satchel and addressed Mr. Ashton as a sistant.

"Mr. Palmer, they asked Mr. Ashton at the church if he would accommodate the committee with some small bills for silver. The crowd seems to object to so much coin, and Mr. Ashton suggested I bring over \$200 to exchange. I'm on my way back now. I'll exchange without question, and Goodnow hurried away. Going directly to his room, he carefully locked the door. He took from his wardrobe, brought to light a pink package, which he threw into the satchel. Again there came into his eyes that gleam of satisfaction.

"I'd give \$4 in pennies to see old Ashton's face when he opens that roll in the safe." Then he grinned. "And when the spectators see the small bills they'll wonder how I got them. I've won that first prize. Not so bad. Let's see: here's 89% from the ticket snafu, \$200 face rights to the bank, and the rest I'll have to make pretty near \$1,500. Not so bad for little James, and I think I'll move. The races are on at New Orleans, and maybe I can do something with the pennies."

Then he strolled down to the railway station, bought a ticket and a sleeper and went to bed.

Things happened at the Emporium immediately after Mr. Goodnow's departure. Ashton arrived, looking red and angry.

"Where's Goodnow," he demanded.

"Left here about twenty minutes ago, sir. Said he'd be back soon."

"Where's that? I don't like to get something to say to him. I happened to be talking to Dr. Trotter and find he holds Goodnow's order for that dinner service. He paid \$20 for it. Blame his skin. I paid Goodnow \$35 for his chance myself. He'll have a time explaining things."

"Well, he can't be long. He's just gone up to the church for that currency you told him to get."

"What currency?"

"The good currency for the silver," Ashton stared at his assistant blankly, and then, suddenly overwhelmed with suspicion, jumped to his feet and ran. He was back in a minute. There was there he breathed a sigh of relief, and grasping it as if to satisfy himself of its reality, sat down to write. Turning back to the wrapping, he disclosed a neat pile of slips of newspaper cut to the size of bank notes, and stinging him in the face was a card from the white card on the top of it all was this:

MERRY CHRISTMAS

FROM

SANTA CLAUS.

While he was gazing at the card, the sudden fall of the door, coming with rage, quite dressed, stork-like man with a smoothly shaven face and a high bald forehead was ushered in.

"What's the matter, Ashton, for interrupting you, I'm Captain Seacom, a government officer. The sub-treasurer

deal of bad silver in its ramifications from the Bigville banks and I found at one of them here more than \$20 in spurious coin in a sack deposited by your establishment this morning."

Then the real situation flashed upon Ashton. He brought from the sack several small bags of coin and passed a handful to the officer, who, glass in hand, made a careful scrutiny of a number of them.

"Bad," he remarked sententiously. "Where did you get them?"

The story of young Mr. James B. Goodnow was briefly told, punctuated by a few sharp inquiries from the treasury agent. When they came to the dummy package incident he smiled grimly.

"Angel face, blue eyes?" he asked.

"That's him."

"Jimmy Hardnut at it again."

Making a rapid note of Goodnow's address the officer rose.

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" he inquired.

"Right at the railway station. You pass there in going up to Goodnow's boarding house."

Five minutes later as he stood writing a brief message at the station, Captain Seabloom glanced through the open door, just as a young man with a small leather satchel moved toward the sleeper of the express that had pulled in a moment before.

"This is my lucky day," the captain muttered.

The message was not finished. Step-pink quickly to the platform he overtook the young man with the bag as he entered the body of the car.

"Excuse me," he laid a detaining hand on the young man's shoulder turning him partly around. An angel face with big blue eyes met his.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy. Here's a nice pair of bracelets for you. Get of w—"

What Jimmy said will not bear repeating. Now he is doing his fourth term for counterfeiting—six years this time, and the opening of that Broadway office has been indefinitely postponed.

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The Birth of the now Dying Century

At an epoch so strikingly singular as this, when the sensations crowd in on the reflecting mind and how forcibly occur the questions: What was the life of this country, this day, this hour, when the woods were so deep, the silence of the woods was dissipated by no sound but from the tread of the deer and the wolf, fields now smiling with the corn, the groves rippling with the glad responses, the air may this happy procession contain the next summer a greater admixture to virtue, power and glory than the last,"—from the *Baltimore Gazette*, Jan. 1, 1801.

It was the same then, as now. When the eighteenth century was about to close, the nineteenth was just opening, America prepared to usher in its success—as we are doing even now. The century of the Revolution, the century or less good citizen of 1801 is about to do. Watchnight meetings, dinners, gatherings of all kinds, fire-eaters, and the like, are the fashion of the new century, that is now ten years old. If we may judge from the progress of America of that time the citizens of America of this time are

brated in much the same spirit, and with very different view, as the Americans of today.

New York was not as pre-eminent then as it is now, and the principal place of the celebration was in Philadelphia. The latter place, erroneously depicted "sleepy," must have been a fair-sized city, and the celebration of the accounts printed in the "Aurora." According to this authority on Saturday, Jan. 3, 1891, the staid citizens met at the Green Tree in North Fourth street, to celebrate the "favorable commencement of the nineteenth century." The celebration was over, and after the dinner had had its mellowing effects, sundry and various toasts were proposed. One of the proposed toasts was "Old—Our country—Man, Our Fellow Citizen—Benevolence Our Religion." Other toasts were to Thomas Jefferson, to the Constitution, to Aaron Burr, his unsuccessful rival, named for vice president; "Universal Tolerance," The Constitution, to the "Irish," to "England," to "Ireland." May she rise like Antaeus from her fall and crush the despots who exult in her misdeeds.

The celebration lasted until early

dawned Philadelphia was considerably shocked at the erratic peregrinations of her staid citizens while on their way home. The "Aurora" added to the curiosity of the occasion the column review of the eighteenth century.

At Lancaster, Pa., a tremendous celebration was held in the large hall of Fidelity hall, where the celebration of the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, bonfires were lighted, pistols shot off and as much noise made as possible. A great transparency, depicting the Declaration of Independence, bearing the legend, "Liberty and the Constitution," adorned the lower end of the hall. Symbols of the new century were made, and then a bullock was roasted.

The Philadelphia German society also celebrated the occasion as did the citizens of Easton, Pa., who assembled at the house of Mr. Heckman to watch the old century out and the new one come in. For the first time in the people being more cosmopolitan, there was less celebrating. Watchnight services were held in the city and in the suburbs. Among the clubs of the day informal meetings were held. It was not until evening that the small boys, aided and abetted by the older boys, set off the fireworks of whatever material was near-

set at hand. All the town was illuminated and when midnight came the church bells rang out the old and in the new century. Men and women counted on one another and the century was born.

Congress was so busy with the contested election between Jefferson and Adams that it took a week to make the change of centuries. The work of both houses went on uninterrupted, the war with France occupying much time.

They had the same old discussion one hundred years ago that has been racked with this and that for the last century. All through the country discussion was rife for nearly a year as to when the new century began—just as we discussed it in 1776. It took nearly twelve months. *Pro Bono Publico*, *Veritas*, *Judex*, *A Citizen* and other well known papers took sides in support of their respective sides, and acrimonious debates ensued. Finally it was determined that the century began in 1801. Several well intentioned though mistaken gentlemen had already celebrated the occasion on Jan. 1, 1800, and they had to be called to order by the papers, announcing that the

would take no part in any subsequent chronological jamboree whatsoever. However, the event passed off very nicely without his attendance. Each and every one had a wealthy editorial and a warm, welcoming the new century and regretted the one that preceded it. In less than only two years and two weeks and repeated mention was made of him in the most complimentary terms throughout the country. The Boston Independent Chronicle on the first day of the nineteenth century said:

This day commences the nineteenth century. The great events which have arisen at the close of the eighteenth century are still fresh in our minds. Whether the rights of men or the despotism of tyrants shall be established on a permanent basis are subjects which will continue to agitate the nineteenth century is pregnant. Monarchy has fallen with a rapid celerity. Hierarchy has expired in Europe in violent convulsions. The despotic monarchies and Christian Catholicism have assumed their native dignity. In America the prospect is peculiarly brilliant. We are about to begin to think and to act unawed by the threats of monarchies.

or the frowns of priestly fanatics, they come forward in a manly attitude in vindication of their constitutional rights.

The Columbian Centinel (spelled with a "C") published in Boston, containing a long doggerel entitled "The Enlightened Eighteenth Century, or the History of its illustrious and public man of note received a backhanded compliment.

One of the most interesting of these contributions to new century literature was a letter to the Providence Gazette signed "A," which ends thus:

"I have lived for the last live 100 years hence, in order to see what changes will take place. If any are to us who lived at the beginning of the century, I must be an entertainment for them to see the different state of things in 1781 from that of the present time. It is a very desirable object to live until the year 1901, because a great change in the affairs of the world seems to be promised."

Why Senator Clark Quit Baseball.
(Washington Post.)

Once upon a time Senator Clark

Montana was a baseball fan. He still remembers when he played upon a nine in opposition to the famous Forest City club, which had for its pitcher, Fred A. Spalding was the pitcher. On the same nine were Barnes, who became a great shortstop of the Bostonians, and King, who made his reputation in New Orleans as a catcher.

Senator Clark was not, however, played in the same manner as the others in a story. He was playing ball one day shortly after he was married, and his wife was watching the game from the grand stand. Clark hit foul, the ball went spinning into the grand stand, and, by a most remarkable coincidence, hit Mrs. Clark, not dangerously, but seriously. From that day to this Senator Clark has never had a bat in his hand.

Observe the Explanation.
(Pick-Me-Up.)

Ethel—Oh, Emily, I had such a dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth.

Emily—How awful. How did it happen?

Ethel—(thoughtlessly.) They fell off the stand and I accidentally trod on them.